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NOTES.

Mr. Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, needs no introduction to readers of POETRY, except for his revision of his name. His two books, *General Booth* (Kennerley) and *The Congo* (Macmillan), are aiding us to make his work familiar.

Mr. Lindsay wrote *The Chinese Nightingale* in Springfield and New York, between May and October, 1914, while his father and mother were in China visiting their son-in-law and daughter, who are medical missionaries at Lu-Chow-Fu. The poet, who has never seen China himself, says of the poem:

"The intention of the piece is to combine such elements of Chinese decoration and whim as are to be found by the superficial observer in the curio-store, the chop-suey restaurant, the laundry, the Chinese theatre. To these are to be added such general ideas of China as may be acquired in any brief résumé of their religion, their customs and temperament."

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, a Chicago lawyer, is the "Webster Ford" whose *Spoon River Anthology*, running in nearly thirty numbers of *Reedy's Mirror*, has proved the literary sensation of the year, and may prove a masterpiece in the wise judgment of posterity, to be cherished especially in this region whose people it so vividly presents. The Macmillan Co. will make a book of it in the spring. Mr. Masters'

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earlier volumes are: *A Book of Verses* (1898), and *Maximilian, a Tragedy* (1902), besides prose plays and essays.

Mr. Victor Starbuck, also a lawyer by profession, lives in Orlando, Florida. A number of magazines have published his verse. "Violet Hunt" is an English poet.

With these three exceptions, our contributors this month have appeared before in POETRY. Mr. Orrick Johns, formerly of St. Louis, now lives in the country near New Haven. Miss Margaret Widdemer has removed from Philadelphia to Brooklyn. Mr. Richard Aldington is still in London as one of the editors of *The Egoist*, but he may be called to the front among the reserves. Mr. Francis Buzzell lives in Chicago. None of these has published a book of verse as yet, though the first three are well known through much-quoted contributions to the magazines. Mr. Buzzell is almost a newcomer.

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Pitfalls yawn before the feet of an editor. Twice of late have we fallen in.

Conquered, by Miss Zoë Akins, which we printed last month, was published last spring in the *International*, through a mistake of one of the editors of that monthly, to whom it had been sent for private perusal. The poet, from whom we had previously accepted it, forgot to inform us at the time, and we, who usually read Mr. Viereck's cleverly ardent paper, apparently missed that issue.

The other error is more serious. The printer's devil is no fabulous creature of myth, but a real monster of sin and

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malice. From our January issue he dropped the first line of *The Musicmaker's Child*, by Miss Miriam Allen de Ford, thereby doing his utmost to make the poem unintelligible. The first quatrain should read:

Long time my mother lived in Culm,
A maiden, waiting for a man to take her:
Then, for the love of his blue eyes,
She wandered after Weir the musicmaker.

The error, for which the editor apologizes to poet and readers, will be noted also among the errata after the title-page of Vol. V in the March number.